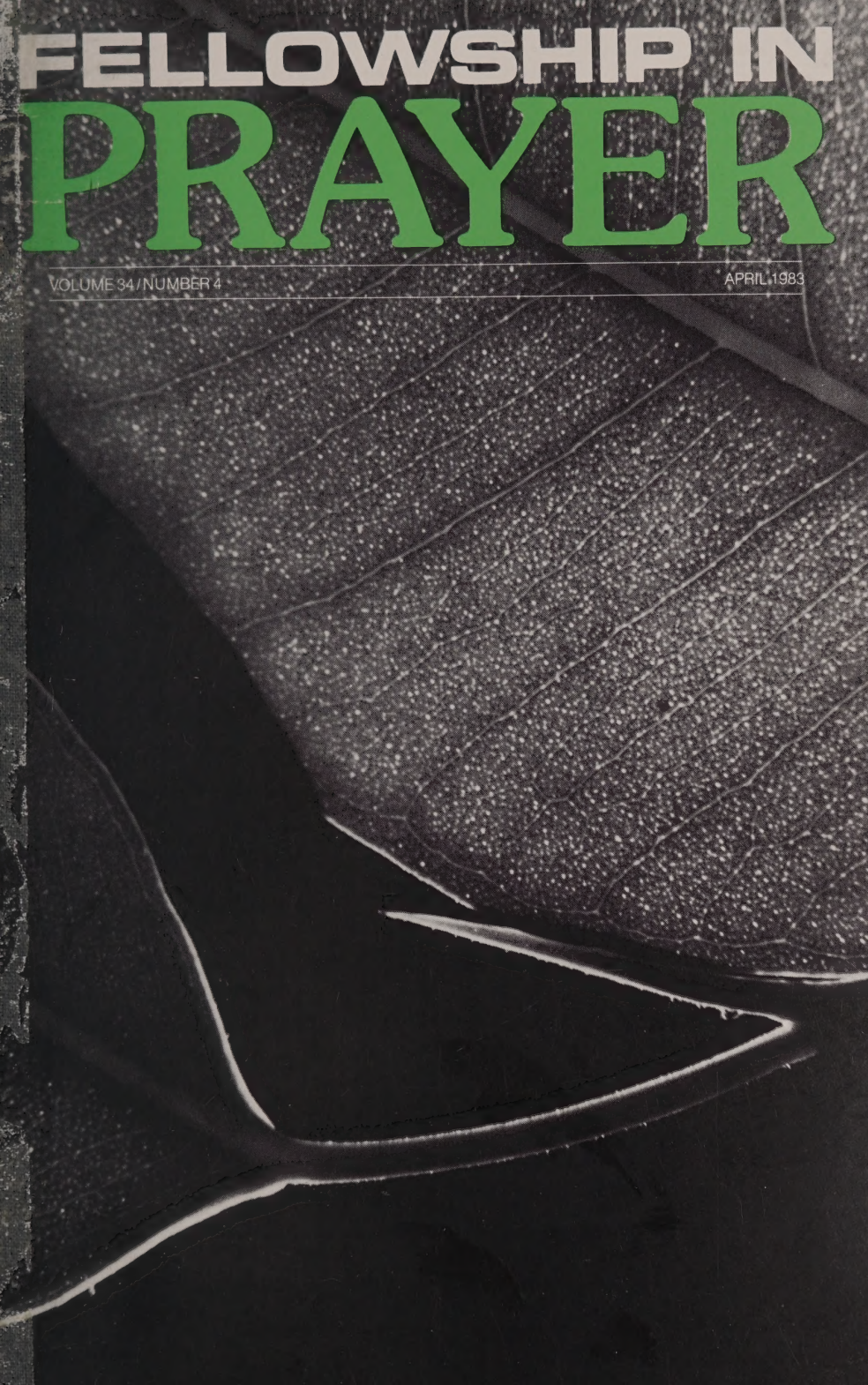
FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

VOLUME 34 / NUMBER 4

APRIL 1983



Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER HAS MOVED TO

FRANKLIN OFFICE PARK
134 FRANKLIN CORNER ROAD
LAWRENCEVILLE, N.J. 08648

PHONE
(609) 896-3636

The opinions expressed in this issue are the authors' and/or subjects' and not necessarily those of the editors or of Fellowship in Prayer.

GET A FREE COPY of this book of extraordinary photographs by Abraham Menashe — winner of Fellowship in Prayer's Carl Allison Evans Award. To get your free copy of this new $25 hardback book, **SUBSCRIBE, RENEW, OR SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.**

The Face
of Prayer
Photographs
by
Abraham Menashe

Please send me my free copy of THE FACE OF PRAYER in return for which I am ☐ subscribing for a year ($12), ☐ renewing my own subscription for another year, or ☐ sending a subscription as a gift to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 175 PRINCETON, NJ

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

20 Nassau Street Suite 250 East
Princeton, NJ 08540

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
Franklin Office Park
134 Franklin Corner Road
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648
(609) 896-3636

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

VOLUME 34 / NUMBER 4 / APRIL 1983

Carl Allison Evans
(1880-1956) Founder

Trustees

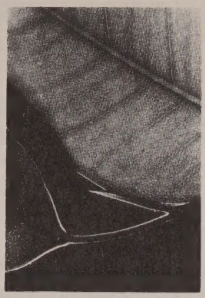
Kathryn G. Brown, President
James T.C. Liu, Vice Pres.
Samuel M. Silver, Vice Pres.
Emily Sargent Councilman
Paul Griffith, Editor
Nirbha Singh Khalsa
Herrymon Maurer
Reuben L. Musey,
Pres. Emer.
Edwiene Schmitt
Mary Yiu

John S.D. Glaus, Asst. Ed.

Tatie Radcliffe, Subscriptions

Advisors & Contributing Editors

Velta Myrle Allen
Garnette Arledge
Elizabeth Barjou
Joy Bergman
Michael H. Brown
John Careswell
Dennis Barry Carroll
Emilie, Lady Coote
Zelma S. Dennis
Hanneke De Neve
Doris Donnelly (*Books*)
Tom Dunham
(*Photographs*)
Sam Hamod
Frederick Hung
Angelo John Lewis
Emma S. McLaughlin
Abraham Menashe
(*Photographs*)
Gloria Merchant
Maud Oakes
Jim Panos
Carla Patsuris
Swami Ritajananda
Margaret Ruth Thomas
Paul Walsh
Dr Teh-yao Wu



2 **Never Stop Praying** by John Nettleship
5 **Forming A Prayer Group: II**
6 **A Healing Meditation** by Morton Kelsey
8 **The Miracle of Amarna** by Thomas F. Lombardi
17 **You Make Room** by Emily Sargent Councilman
18 **"The Last Supper" by Andre Derain** by John S.D. Glaus
21 **Meher Baba in America** by William M. Stephens
31 **The Wealthy Renunciate** by Brad Hill
35 **In The Barn** by Robert H. White
36 **Last Looks At an Old Bible Class** by Priscilla Smith Botti
38 **Anomalous Mozart** by Thomas S. Baker
40 **Books: Some Good News Is Possible** by Elizabeth Socolow
42 **Current Reports: Ken Keyes, Jr.** by Angelo John Lewis
44 **Soul Travel** by Melissa Clark
45 **Letters**
46 **News of Prayer**
Inside Back Cover: Prayer During Illness
Back Cover: Easter Day by Christina Rossetti

This monthly publication is subsidized by the Ruth Allison Lilly Fund

©Copyright 1983 by Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

NEVER STOP PRAYING

by JOHN NETTLESHIP

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life in every step
Be fellowship with Thee.

"PRAY without ceasing," writes Paul in one of his letters to the church in Thessalonica. Never stop praying. But is this really possible? If we never stop praying, how can we do much else?

We can eat, perhaps, and pray — a kind of continuous saying of grace instead of a mere prelude to a meal. But would that rob us of congenial conversation, which is such an important aspect of a meal? Or we can pray perhaps as we dig in the garden? It has been said that

We are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

But what about adding up a column of figures? Can we do that and pray at the same time? Ought we to be praying while we drive an automobile, an activity which surely calls for undivided attention?

What does "never stop praying" really mean? Two things, I think. In the first place, it means "Never give up your prayers." There are several reasons for people to stop praying. It may be sheer busyness and preoccupation. Prayer is crowded out. It may be lack of faith — a feeling that prayer seems not to work. Or perhaps overwhelming tragedy or sorrow has shaken faith in God and so in prayer.

In the second place, "never stop praying" means that we are to make prayer a regular, not a spasmodic, practice. There ought to be a pattern to our prayer at any time and anywhere. The two complement each other.

A good example of this took place in the Iona Community, a fellowship of laymen and ministers, founded many years ago and based on St Columba's Isle of Iona, off the coast of Scotland. Its work was twofold: to restore the ruined abbey and to deepen the spiritual life of those who belonged to the community. Its founder, Dr George McLeod, has told how, when the community was being planned, the question arose as to whether or not its members should be asked to accept a Rule of Prayer specifying times and places for prayer each day. At first this was resisted on the grounds that prayer should be a free,

unfettered, spontaneous activity. Eventually, however, a Rule was accepted. Dr McLeod says that when members submitted to this rigid discipline, their spontaneous prayers became more frequent and more meaningful. As they made time for prayer, prayer became more and more part of that part of their lives not so deliberately set apart. Note that they *made* time — not *found* time. There is all the difference.

"Take time to be holy," an old hymn says. It is significant that it was in Jesus' most strenuous and crowded days that He made time for prayer, "rising up a great while before day, He went away into a desert place and there prayed." Similarly, at the end of a crowded day, He left His disciples and "went up the hillside to pray."

Here, in morning and evening prayer, is part of the pattern of regular prayer which ought to be the framework of our devotional life: the reality of praying "without ceasing." We can connect that with the story of Daniel, who "went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God."

Three times a day — a simple and yet a profoundly meaningful pattern of prayer. We do not know the hours at which Daniel prayed, but they are suggestive of morning, evening, and the middle of the day.

In the Morning

I love John Bunyan's words in *Pilgrim's Progress:* "Christian slept till break of day, then he awoke and sang." What a perfect expression that is of Christian faith and experience. Who can doubt that it was a song of praise he sang? How we begin a day leaves its mark on the rest of it. Of someone out-of-tune with life we say "He got out of bed on the wrong side this morning!" It shows, and so does morning prayer.

A missionary has told of a little native village on the edge of a forest. The few Christians there did not find it easy to secure a time and place for prayer either in their huts or in the village itself. They were encouraged to make their way through the long grass to a secluded spot in the forest where they could be alone with God. Soon, from each Christian hut a pathway was beaten in the grass, but if anyone grew slack about prayer the pathway would quickly grow over again. "What has happened to your path, brother?" the missionary would ask. It showed.

To begin the day with God, to speak to Him before we speak to anyone else, to seek His blessing upon all the undertakings of the hours to come is to make all the difference to our lives and the lives of those with whom we come in contact.

In the Evening

We have already spoken of Jesus at prayer on the mountain at the end of a busy day. It was evening, too, when He spent His vigil in Gethsemane. Evening was hardly the only time He went there to be alone with God.

Our problem about prayer in the morning may be that we are so busy.

Our problem at night may be that we are so tired. Yet, to end the day with God, in thanksgiving and confession, is as important as beginning it with Him. There *must* be time for that. I remember once rather shocking someone by saying I often say my prayers in bed. I confess, indeed, that I sometimes fall asleep in the process. This troubled me until it occurred to me that there was no better end to the conscious day than to have one's heart and mind filled with thoughts of God. Better, surely, to go to sleep counting one's blessings than counting sheep.

The evening prayer may be the briefest — the familiar words of a Psalm or of a well-loved hymn. Could we round off a day better than by saying

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings?

In the Middle of the Day

This does not mean precisely at noon or indeed at any specific hour, but that time of day when pressures and problems crowd in upon us. We have to remember that

Where'ere we seek Thee, Thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground.

This is the corollary which members of the Iona Community wished to add to their regular hours of prayer.

Some of these times and places for prayer may, at first sight, seem the most unlikely. When Robert J. McCracken was minister at the Riverside Church in New York City, he told the story of a minister who had come to the city some years before and who said, "When I first settled in New York, nothing got me down so as the crowds, especially the crowds on the subway." He hated pushing and being pushed in the hot, smelly, noisy car. Then, one day as he stood strap-hanging, it struck him that his hand, so raised, might well be raised in benediction for the motley crowd around him. "So now," he said, "the subway is for me an oratory. As I stand strap-hanging, my uplifted hand is the symbol of the prayer I offer for my fellows."

In how many ways, I wonder, might we not find in our own circumstances "in the midst of the day" an opportunity to pray without ceasing?

One other thought. Years ago I read a short account of the devotional life of one Father John of the Greek Church. It was his practice to accompany each act of his day with a remembered word of Scripture. On rising from bed, he would say, "When I am awake, I am still with Thee." Washing himself, he prayed, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." As he dressed, he said, "Clothe me with righteousness as with fine linen," and, breaking his fast or eating and drinking, "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." If he set out on a journey, it would be with the words "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." At the close of the day, he said, "I will both lay myself down in peace and sleep." This is praying "without ceasing."

FORMING A PRAYER GROUP: II

by REUBEN MUSEY

ALMOST everybody needs guidance as they practice the art of conversation with God. They need to know Him as a person with whom they can talk and pour out their deepest feelings. This was the feeling of many who came to the prayer group January meeting.

In sharing thoughts about prayer, members said prayer is a communication, a conversation between God and oneself. It begins with praise, and He is the active partner in the conversation. Prayer communication begins when one knows his or her life is in God's hands. Each of us feels strength and joy and truth. We vow to let Him do wonderful things with our lives. God knows each of us and knows we would be lost without Him. It was agreed that communication originates with God, for God is love, and love always seeks to enter the heart of one who is loved.

One senior citizen was so moved that she said:

"My philosophy of life was based on the Holy Bible and the God who wrote it. I know He had a plan for my life and through daily prayer and reading of His word I was able to see it." When asked her feelings at this moment, she continued:

"Now that I am seventy-nine years old and life is rapidly passing for me, my discovery of the unselfishness of God affects my feelings towards old age and death. I can but say that, secure in the knowledge that God is and that He is enough, I find old age beautiful in the present, and death a prospect for the future."

In the segment of the meeting about the history of beloved hymns, one man — an octogenarian — said his favorite hymn was "Nearer My God To Thee." He told the group he remembered, as a young lad, singing it at a special church service on the day President William McKinley was buried and that it left a lasting mark on his life.

After a closing prayer, it was decided since this session was such an inspiring, moving, and rewarding experience, a theme be selected for the group's next meeting. And, from Peter 5:7 this was chosen: "God cares about you."

This report comes from Reuben L. Musey, President Emeritus of FIP, who is conducting prayer groups at his home church, St. Peter's Lutheran in Clear Spring, Maryland. For information about prayer or meditation groups and how to start one, write to the Editor, Fellowship in Prayer, Franklin Office Park, 134 Franklin Corner Road, Lawrenceville, New Jersey 08648.

A HEALING MEDITATION

by MORTON T. KELSEY

And when he entered again into Capernamum after some days, it was noised that he was in the house. And many were gathered together, so that there was no longer room for them, no, not even about the door; and he spake the word unto them. And they come, bringing unto him a man sick of the palsy, bourne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the crowd, they uncovered the roof where he was; and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, Why doth this man thus speak? he blasphemeth; who can forgive sins but one, even God? And straightway Jesus, perceiving in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, saith unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether it is easier, to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house. And he arose, and straightway took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion. (Mark 2:1-12)

AS YOU get quiet try to let the tension drip out of you. For tension is nothing but congealed action, and if you are tense you are poised for action. Start by the scalp — even that can be tense. Then relax the back of the neck . . . the eyes . . . the mouth. While relaxing breathe slowly and deeply. Relax the neck . . . the shoulders . . . down one arm . . . and down the other arm . . . the torso . . . the back . . . the buttocks . . . down one leg . . . the thigh, the knee, the calf, the foot . . . then down the other leg.

Try to be still . . . empty your mind . . . gently push away any thoughts of what you are going to do later . . . live in the eternal now and in the presence of the Kingdom.

Come now into the presence of Jesus following those four men carrying the paralytic. We find them on the road — four of them with a paralyzed man . . . Can you see the rocky Galilean hillside . . . the rough trail . . . the groaning of the man in the litter, thinking that these four friends are probably making a wild-goose chase?

What part of me is paralyzed like the man, and needs to be freed, released? . . . Who are the four friends within who will pick me up and carry me into the presence of Jesus? Is it my persistance, my energy, my love, my intuition?

And following them they come to the door of the house in which Jesus is healing the sick and speaking to the people . . . But the people won't budge from the door.

What part of me is like the gawkers that stand in the doorway unconsciously and keep the paralyzed part of me from being brought to the Christ and healed?

The friends could very well have turned and left, but they were going to get their friend healed no matter what. Can't you see them going up that little stairway outside and see how hard it was to take up the tiles . . . The dust and the bird dung comes down on the people below — right in front of Jesus, with everybody growling and complaining. (I have always wondered if they put the tiles back after the healing) . . . Then they lowered him right into the presence of Jesus . . . And when Jesus saw how much faith they had, how much confidence in the love of God, he baited the Pharisees and forgave the man his sins. (I do not think the man cared too much about having his sins forgiven; he wanted to be able to walk.)

Notice the passage does *not* say, "When Jesus saw how much faith the paralytic had . . ." In this case it is the faith of all the friends too. And so all of us together, by openness to the love of God, can contribute to the power and efficacy of the sacraments.

Finally, Jesus turned to the man, but only after he rebuked those who tried to stand in the way of the healing.

What part of me says, "Oh, you can't be healed, you can't be forgiven, you're a lost cause?"

And after Jesus had rebuked that part, he simply turned to the man and said, "I tell you, get up, pick up your bed, and go home." At once the man got up before them all, took the bed he had been lying on, and went home praising God.

The people were all completely amazed and full of fear. They praised God, saying, "What marvelous things we have seen today."

And so we come into the presence of the Christ. Let us bring those for whom we would make intercessions here to this crowd with the paralytica . . . Drop them by the ropes in front of Jesus . . .

Copyright ©1982 by The Inner Way.

How a short lived Pharaoh in ancient Egypt
changed the world by means of a single idea

The Miracle of **AMARNA**

by THOMAS F. LOMBARDI

I recently had occasion to visit Egypt. Only when the trip had ended and I had returned home did the full impact of the beautiful nature of the experience unfold. When a person visits Lourdes, Rome, or Jerusalem, he naturally anticipates a religious encounter. But a visit to the Egypt of antiquity inspires beforehand no deep religious sentiments, at least not for me. One travels to

THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

Akhenaton and his beautiful queen Nefertiti are depicted in the new realistic style of sculpture that was produced in his reign

Egypt for other reasons: anthropological, archeological, historical. An Egyptian odyssey is seldom, if ever, a pilgrimage. Not to Westerners, anyway. To what extent could the theology of a people who worshipped gods with bird heads and crocodile bodies inspire serious consideration? But that commonplace interpretation is erroneous, since it unfortunately serves to blind the visitor to the ancient Egyptian's struggle to understand the true nature of God. Egypt's monuments, temples, and treasures are inescapably related to the search for that truth.

During my travels through Egypt, I encountered a rarely cited and relatively obscure figure in human history. Had this person been born in twelfth-century Italy, he would conceivably have become another Saint Francis. Had be been born in sixteenth-century Germany, perhaps another Martin Luther. The figure to whom I allude is Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, known more popularly as Akhenaton. What remains of Akhenaton's contribution to Egyptian civilization seems slight, with material objects found in the Cairo Museum, Luxor, and, of course, Tell-el-Amarna. Certainly, when compared with the architectural contributions made to Egypt by Ramses II, Akhenaton's achievement seems negligible. But, more importantly, in a society where one's successor has the advantage of being able to liquidate all that his predecessor accomplished, the odds against the survival of anything becomes improbable. Yet influences from the Akhenaton reign have survived, and, more generally, what he initiated, transcending architecture, continues to exist throughout the world today. Beyond all else, his great contribution was conceptual and subsequently imperishable. Nevertheless, the world has been unaware of the role that Akhenaton played in the merging history of man's attempt to understand God, a history that has touched the lives of all.

THE story begins in 1377 B.C., when Amenhotep IV became pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt. For seventeen years while he reigned, his efforts resulted in the development of a theological and an artistic movement of tremendous consequence. His theology affected Egypt and spread beyond the national boundaries, but the shift in Egypt's theological doctrine was a gradual one. Six years following his ascension to the throne, Amenhotep, which literally means, "Amon is satisfied," changed his name to Akhenaton, which means "He who is serviceable to Aton." That name change, symbolizing as it did a change in identity and a change in values, was the first dynastic attempt to rid Egypt of polytheism. Indeed, it was a courageous — to adversaries despicable — act inasmuch as Akhenaton willfully repudiated his father's name, but his devotion to Aton was an idea that seems to have preoccupied him from youth. Evidence reveals, for instance, that as a young man he built monuments to Aton at Karnak. Of course, Aton as a god was not Akhenaton's creation, but was only one of an entire family of gods in pre-Amarnan Egypt.

Akhenaton determined to establish pure monotheism, not to combine the many gods of Egypt into one God. His one God did not assume the several characteristics of the many gods, but became uniquely distinct. Yet a few gods,

especially Re, god of the sun and therefore important in sunbaked Egypt, continued to exist simultaneously with Aton. Re's claim as sun-god was an ancient belief. In fact, even Akhenaton attributed the source of his new faith to Re and claimed that Re was the channel of its revelation, the notion implied in the following lines: "The words of Re are before thee . . . It was known in my heart, revealed to my face, I understood." Akhenaton even assumed for a short period of time the title "Great Seer," which was the official badge of the high priest of Re at Heliopolis.

Akhenaton's tolerance of Re, coupled with his toleration of Ptah of Memphis, reflects his political pragmatism, especially when one considers the distinct perils that undoubtedly must have surrounded him as a kind of heretic. The truth is, he declared war on the gods of his father, and his devotion to monotheism impelled him to abolish and destroy the old gods. He reserved his fiercest attack for the most powerful of gods — Amon, the god of imperial Thebes. Only by defeating Amon could his revolution succeed. From the start, it was a momentous challenge, hurled in the face of the establishment.

The destruction of Amon was resisted by the Amonic priesthood, a class of men who had virtually ruled Egypt since the Theban ascendancy. In the struggle that ensued, the Amonic priests were unable to topple Akhenaton, or, at least, thwart his purpose. And so he proceeded to banish the name of Amon throughout Egypt, erasing it from every moment, violating every Amonic reference in temples and in tombs across the empire. Everywhere he substituted Aton, his new god, for Amon. To add insult to injury, before the decision was made to leave Thebes, he had renamed it "the city of Brightness of Aton" — one of several blasphemies he was to thrust up before the established order, with its established deities.

WHAT a blasphemy! What a change! Amon to Aton. These two gods were complete opposites. Amon, for instance, in whom was subsumed all the gods of Egypt, had absorbed even Re, an absorption that was never complete by the fact that the official name of Amon at Thebes was "Amon-Re." Amon, the national god, was a part of all the gods, and they were a part of him. They shared in the life of one another. The concept served Egypt well, satisfying the national desire for a national god, yet at the same time allowing the peasant the luxury of worshipping his local god, to whom he was devoted in the manner that Christians often attach themselves to local saints.

One of the many distinctions which separated these two gods was the question of visibility versus invisibility. Amon was, in part, invisible; his shrine the innermost section of the Karnak Temple; but, on certain holy days, he took the form of a human being and was carried in procession by the priests. On the other hand, no anthropomorphism was associated with Aton, who was symbolized by the sun-disk alone. It was not a matter of sun-worship. Akhenaton clearly distinguished Aton from the cosmic sun. In fact, Aton — the old name for the sun — became "a lord of the sun." That the sun should represent a god or the god of Egypt is understandable, for the sun shines nearly every day in Lower Egypt and, without exception, every day in Upper Egypt. Though a

great Atonic temple stood at Amarna, Aton's house was, as a rule, the open air, filled with light and wind. Aton conceived in the image of the sun was a god with whom the ordinary Egyptian could personally identify. Akhenaton taught a revolutionary concept — that Aton, like the sun, was everywhere through the sun's rays. In art the rays terminated in hands, each grasping the symbol of life. The nobles prayed that the pharaoh "came forth from the rays" and that Aton had "formed him out of [his] own rays." The halo and nimbus in paintings of Christ and the Saints may have had their source in the Egyptian "ray." Employing the sun as the universal symbol for the Deity was profound, since the concept was capable of being understood not by Egypt alone but by other nations. In brief, the symbol was intelligible to foreigners — perhaps the earliest impulse toward universalism in religion.

Even though evidence suggests that Akhenaton may have been opposed to the use of force in theory, he did not hesitate to use force against the old gods. His use of force was based upon his devout religious convictions. That is not to say his predecessors and those rulers who followed him were anything less than religious zealots. They could be equally iconoclastic. Those pharaohs who followed Akhenaton frenziedly eliminated both Aton's and Akhenaton's names from the monuments and temples the way he had removed the names of Amon and the other gods from the same monuments and temples. Further, they were identical in the sense that the pharaoh who worshipped Aton and the pharaoh who worshipped Amon considered themselves divine. The traditional pharaoh was, in fact, a god on earth and saw himself as a direct link with the gods. The state gods were interpreted as an extension of the pharaoh. Both god and pharaoh were one, together a conqueror who would defeat Egypt's enemies. The idea materialized as the Nile nation developed. The union of pharaoh and gods bound the Egyptian universe together. The idea, incidentally, was borrowed later in history by the Roman emperors and, to some extent, by the totalitarians of our own century.

Not only did Akhenaton imagine himself as a link with Aton, but he understood Aton to be the father of all men and called him "my father," and that was, perhaps, the first time in recorded history that someone expressed that great religious truth. Akhenaton perceived Aton not as a merely national god but a universal deity; one who concerned himself with men irrespective of race or nationality. Moreover, Aton was understood to be concerned with all creatures, all creation, and the following lines from "Day and the Animals and Plants" exude a Franciscan simplicity and sweetness that implies the existence of the unity of all things in their unfailing adoration of Aton:

All cattle rest upon their herbage
All trees and plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
The wings uplifted in adoration to thee,
All sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them.

A "Canticle to Nature" quality haunts these lines, a love of the natural world so penetrating that it emits a spiritual exuberance, an idea that flowers in

Western civilization with Francis of Assisi and culminates with the British Romantics. The Creator and Creation are intimately associated.

In order to minimize the power of Thebes, Akhenaton transferred the capital of Egypt three hundred miles to the north to what is today called Tell-el-Amarna. Amarna is located halfway between Cairo and Luxor at a locale where the eastern mountains recede, leaving a plain eight miles long and three miles wide, sufficiently large for the construction of a city. The plain is bounded by cliffs to the east and the Nile to the west, which Akhenaton called the "Horizon of Aton." Actually, the discovery of the place resembled the Hebraic discovery of the Promised Land. Akhenaton believed implicitly that Aton had revealed the spot to him and called the place "Akhetaton," dedicated to Aton. One of the most exciting theological and artistic revolutions known to man occurred in that city.

Today at Amarna only dusty, lonesome ruins remain, a reminder of the glory of yesterday. Sufficient ruins stand, however, to tell the visitor that the city appears to have been hastily constructed. Beautiful naturalistic pictures and reliefs of birds and vegetation, reflecting the revolution that had taken place in art, disguise the poor workmanship of the structures, glaringly evident in comparison with those of Karnak and Luxon. Yet Amarna was a city of palaces, temples, mansions, even desert altars. In the following passage, Akhenaton offers us a superb, if not idealized, description of the city:

> *Akhetaton i.e., Amarna, great in loveliness, mistress of pleasant ceremonies, rich in possession, the offerings of Re in her midst. At the sight of his beauty there is rejoicing. She is lovely and beautiful; when one sees her it is like a glimpse of heaven. Her number cannot be calculated. When Aton rises in her he fills her with his rays and he embraces (with his rays) his beloved son, son of eternity, who came forth from Aton and offers the earth to him who placed him on his throne, causing the earth to belong to him who made him.*

The Amarnan shift from ideal to real representation affected even the dead in their tombs. The cliff tombs to the east of Amarna revealed this attitudinal change. No longer were they decorated with terrifying figures prepared to challenge the unknown in the next life. Instead, they became graves of the deceased, who were on the other side of life with Aton — certainly an attitude more like Christianity's than the religious conviction and dogma which preceded the emergence of Atonism.

The artistic revolution was the consequence of the theological upheaval. Egyptologists have described Amarna art as a kind of naturalism, which pictured life, especially the pharaoh, exactly as it was. The idealism that had hitherto characterized the pharaoh in Egyptian art was discarded. Only because Egyptian naturalism presented real-life figures do we know that Akhenaton's physical appearance was different from that of any of the other pharaohs. The representations that have survived depict him as a man slight of frame, with narrow, sloping shoulders and an extended abdomen. The great statue of Akhenaton in the Cairo Museum depicts his peculiar physique. In the representation of the pharaoh, the absence of a robust physical frame became one of the great characteristics of Amarna art, and that development suggests that the

revolutionary artists wished to please Akhenaton by making his subjects — all with protruding bellies — look like him. What was abnormal became normal. Other oddities characterize the Cairo statue, all of which are open to interpretation. For instance, Akhenaton lacks male organs, which has led to the speculation that the representation is more female than male (a hint of homosexuality?). Other Egyptologists have deduced that a statue without male organs was made to reflect the existence of Aton within Akhenaton. Aton, after all, encompassed all aspects of the Creator, male and female alike; so, too, did Aton's son.

Akhenaton was physically limited by his stature, and his intellectual proclivity seems to have been related to the sedentary nature of his life. In a manner, things of the mind do not necessarily require physical exertion so that inactivity and intellectual proclivity complement each other. Akhenaton's mental disposition and physical limitations influenced his rule away from worldly conquest. The new theology and the civilization it fashioned — a civilization in which man paused to contemplate — were realized at tremendous expense. Serious problems developed on the frontiers of the empire. Hittite incursions pressed the Egyptians back toward Egypt's borders. The Asian empire was almost lost and the African influence shaken. At a time when the pharaoh was espousing theological universalism, the loss of empire was paradoxical, but introspection inspires religious devotion, artistic expression, and an inclination toward passivity, all of which combined to make unwarrior-like Egyptians increasingly passive. The empire paid a devastating price for the religious and artistic innovations that characterized Akhenaton's years.

After Akhenaton's death Pharaoh Sakere ruled for three brief years, followed by Tutankhaton, Akhenaton's son-in-law. Tutankhaton, only a boy, was forced to surrender the Amarna theology to the Amonic priesthood. In addition, he changed his name to Tutankhamon and returned the capital to Thebes, where the campaign to suppress the new religion began. Of course, the story of Tutankhamon is familiar and requires no recapitulation here except to add that he died at the age of nineteen, at which time the Amonic restoration was complete. Perhaps particular effort was made to conceal Tutankhamon's tomb — successfully until 1931 — because the Aton's followers had vowed to destroy it as an act of revenge against the young king who had returned Egypt to polytheism. One is left to imagine the manner in which the faithful followers of Aton must have interpreted the premature death of Tutankhamon — as retribution by Aton for the war the boy monarch had waged against the true religion.

For all its positive qualities, the Amarna theology did have limitations. The serious shortcoming was the absence of an ethical system. The problem was, in part, occasioned by Atonism itself, as it summarily dismissed the myth of Osiris, whose chief tenet was the recounting of the triumph of good over evil in the abstract sense. Dismissed, too, was the whole notion of the funerary cult, which required that the living remember the good and not the bad deeds when a man's life is weighed after death. The ethical content exists in Hebraism, as though the Hebrews adopted Atonism and thereafter added the

ethical dimension. One must not reject the possibility that the Amarna theology filtered into the non-Egyptian mind and that the Hebrews, while in Egyptian captivity, encountered the tenets of Atonism. Anyone who ever read the 104th Psalm and then compared with it Aton's Hymn suspects as much. Selected passages from each reflect the similarity in thought and structure:

104th Psalm:
Thou makest darkness and it is night,
Wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey.
The sun ariseth, they get them away . . .
Man goeth forth until his work,
And to his labor until the evening.
O Jahweh, how manifold are thy works!

Aton's Hymn:
When thou settest in the western horizon,
The land is in darkness like death . . .
Every lion comes forth from his den;
All creeping things, they sting.
At daybreak when thou arisest in the horizon . . .
Thou drivest away the darkness . . .
Men awake and stand upon their feet . . .
All work, they do their labor.
How manifold are thy works!
They are hidden from man's sight.
O sole god, like whom there is no other,
Thou has made the earth according to thy desires.

The Psalm and the Hymn hint at something positive — that the ancient Hebrews absorbed something from ancient Egyptian religion, especially monotheistic Atonism. Unquestionably, monotheism could have been transmitted from Egyptian to Hebraic culture, and if that transmission did indeed transpire, then perhaps that is the reason Moses was Moses. The objective historian is forced to concede that the Egyptian struggled, as the Hebrew struggled, to realize the true nature of the Creator of the universe. In that sense, both Israel and Egypt were instrumental in the divine plan that ultimately found expression in Jesus Christ.

The Old Testament was not the only source that looked to the coming of a Redeemer and Messiah. In ancient lore, too, anticipation abounds: Gilgamesh, for example, is the story of the messianic man who lives forever. That the Greek gods were conceived as perfect embodiments of the human form also suggest the intensely close relationship in the mind of man between God and man. In short, Hebraic prophecy, mythic folklore, classical theology, and the miracle of Amarna find beautiful fulfillment in the Christian epoch.

No doubt, Armarna prefigured Christianity. The general Egyptian theological emphasis upon the afterlife was not Hebraic at all. In the history of

man, no other civilization was ever so preoccupied with the thought of death and belief in an afterlife. Egyptian religion insisted that "Ka," or soul, would somehow be reunited with the body in the afterlife. That the Egyptian was unable — or unwilling — to separate the body from the afterlife indeed shares something with the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body. Christ also emphasized the afterlife, the eternal life, and Christianity has taught the existence of a place or state for the blessed and the accursed after death. In a word, both Christianity and ancient Egyptian religion teach that life is a journey to a greater and more consuming existence.

The slogan of Amarna was "*ma'at* = truth," and Akhenaton, it was thought, lived on truth. He believed he shared in the divinity of Aton. He was called, as all pharaohs before him had been called, the "good god" and was considered the physical son of Aton. Christ was Truth, was God, and, as the second person of the Trinity, was the Son of God. In a fascinating sense, Christ and Akhenaton shared transcendental origins and destinies and a parallel relationship with the Deity. To the believing Christian, however, Christ's relationship with the Other was and continues to be real while Akhenaton's was, at best, creatively though deceptively imagined.

To be sure, the miracle of Amarna was a fumbling as though through darkness toward the light of some great truth. The remarkable parallels that abound between Atonism and Christianity imply the archetypal figure of Jesus Christ the God-man, an idea that man has always instinctively cherished. The motion that somehow man and God participate substantially in the life of each other, that perhaps God can be man and man can be God, are concepts that found meaning in the Incarnation.

As for Akhenaton, the son of Aton, he did not, unlike Christ, rise from the dead. He mistakenly thought he was a god. Aton — whom he identified as his father, whom he believed was the one true god — was the Divinity of all men, the god who never dies. Akhenaton, a mortal who tasted death, was buried beside his daughter, Meketaton, in a desolate valley nine miles east of Amarna, but his grave has never been located. That lost grave seems almost a rebuke to a nation which afterwards condemned him as a criminal. As for the holy city of Amarna, it maintained a precarious existence after Akhenaton's death and was eventually abandoned. Both pharaoh and city were eventually forgotten by Egypt and by history.

Amarna is unfailingly excluded from the traveler's itinerary. If the traveler wishes to visit the city, he must take the trip independently. Most elect not to do. Instead, they set out for Giza, Luxor, and Abu Simbel, places which are as grand as the grandest constructs of the human mind. At every turn of the river, at every bend in the road, at the end of every trail, another spectacle awaits: the Theban Rameseum, the Mortuary Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, the Colossi of Memnon. Archaeological achievement notwithstanding, it was the advancement of Akhenaton's idea that has had more influence on the lives of men. Perhaps Akhenaton's historical anonymity has an unfortunate appropriateness. He would probably have wanted it that way. He risked everything — his heritage, name, family, throne, life — to proclaim the existence of one God to all men.

YOU MAKE ROOM

by EMILY SARGENT COUNCILMAN

Willow Tree, you do not
cling to yellow leaves
past their time for falling.

With roots alive and branches
unpossessed, you make room for
newborn green fulfilling.

"THE LAST SUPPER" by ANDRE DERAIN

by JOHN S.D. GLAUS

What is the cry of the artist's soul, if the soul was involved in the creation? "To send light into the darkness of men's hearts — such is the obligation of the artist."
W. Kandinsky

"I propose to attempt something most difficult: to belong to all time. By doing so, it will lead us towards truth and simplicity, and that, if one wishes to adhere to one's own era, is still more complicated." — A. Derain

ANDRE DERAIN was born on June 10th, 1880, at Chatou, a charming provincial town through which the caressing and undulating waters of the Seine washed. As a child he would sit on the banks of the river, alone and pensive, allowing the faint gentle swells to lap at his feet. Like Monet at Barbizon, he was fascinated by the rays of the sun which played on the ripples causing the entire river to appear as some lambent jewel. As Derain grew, so, too, did his desire to paint. That singularly rich setting in which he lived as a child, with its sylvan beauty of landscape and impressionistic motifs, shifted his attention away from the engineering career which his parents desired for him to that of being a painter.

The period through which he grew was one of great change, which swept

Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

through the complacent and established realm of the French bourgeoisie. Fundamental beliefs, which had for so long been inviolate, were now demeaned as monotonous and stagnant. New and different ideas in politics, art, and literature brushed aside the patterned thinking. In fact, the whole human drama bubbled in an extraordinary *olla podrida.* And Paris was where this great pot seethed most. Derain succumbed to the temptation of this dynamic metropolis. In Paris his artistic talents were nourished at the Academie Camillo. At the Academie, Derain had his first encounter with Matisse, who was by this time established by name and reputation, and was the first to pronounce that Derain was "serious, scrupulous, and highly gifted."

If Derain's talents were polished at the Academie, it was at night in the dimly lit cafes which dotted Montmartre where his intellectual appetite was honed to a fine edge. By chance, at one of these gatherings, he was introduced to Vlaminck, from which point a long, often difficult friendship grew. Vlaminck was not only a gifted and competent artist, but a scintillating anarchist whose gnarled and distorted views he expounded in lengthy monologues. The two of them together rose to dizzying heights during their inflamed conversations on art and anarchy. They would leave the cafes at dawn with fiery

trails of exploded conversation raining about themselves..

But what of Derain's inner person? Derain had always possessed the intellectual capacity to examine matters very deeply and to resolve the most difficult questions. But the youthful thoughts which he acquired throughout his Parisian adventures left him a victim of doubt (but somehow that may be forgiven him). It was simply due to the individuation which he so desperately tried to achieve — that great transitional period between youthful exuberance and mature adulthood. But this doubt became the nucleus from which his greatest paintings poured forth. Derain was a disenchanted optimist who would always remain acutely aware of the tragic sense in his life. The question is: what did this drama stem from?

For Derain, it derived from man's basic inability — despite his intellectual capacity — to understand himself. In Derain this was coupled with his perpetual lack of self-esteem and the riotous license of his conscious efforts to best express that which was really inside him. He was iconoclastic by nature, desirous of breaking from the traditions of the past and establishing a new French Classicism. But this strong desire to break from the past was counterbalanced with a strong sense of the importance of past masters. By drawing from the artistic movements of the High Renaissance to the Cubists and turning this into a form with which he felt comfortable, he allowed his paintings to breathe with an eclectic air. By grasping the importance of the past masters, he himself in collaboration with Vlaminck, Van Dongen, and Matisse created one of the most significant groups of the 20th century — the Fauves.

Derain was a man who constantly desired to explore the innermost regions where myths are conceived. He constantly peeled back the veneer of his own life until he exposed the truth. The way in which he proceeded was to deny no sensation, neither to refuse nor alter it for fear that the expulsion of such sensations might deny the fulfillment of an aspiration. To refuse the challenge of accepting life on its own terms was to postpone experience. To live fully one had to accept the risk and learn from the consequences.

Derain's philosophy of life is at best difficult to determine. As much as he disliked the superficiality of hedonism, his temperament most naturally gravitated towards a pleasurable domestic tranquility, where he found that the soul best refreshed itself. Yet in seeking beneath the costume of his outward volubility and gregariousness, one finds a man who is emphatic about the nature of human imperfectibility and established systems.

In "The Last Supper" we must set aside our preconceived ideas of Derain, the Fauvist. The painting was executed during his most prolific period 1900-1914, and although it is not obliterated under cartloads of raw color — for which he was well-known — the painting is aesthetically buoyant. Even a "wild beast" could create a painting portraying a thematic religious event.

This great Fauve was an artist who felt that nothing should be despised more than a myth in which the artist does not believe. No substantial work of art could be produced unless there was unerring accuracy to the truth. And no artist could be truthful if there was a discrepancy between artistic endeavor and the faith required to sustain it.

MEHER BABA IN AMERICA

by WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

My coming to the West is not with the object of establishing new creeds or spiritual societies and organizations, but is intended to make people understand religion in its true sense. True religion consists of developing that attitude of mind which should ultimately result in seeing One Infinite Existence prevailing throughout the universe; when one could live in the world and yet be not of it and, at the same time, be in harmony with everyone and everything; when one could attend to all worldly duties and affairs and yet feel completely detached from all their results; when one could see the same Divinity in art and science, and experience the Highest Consciousness and Indivisible Bliss in everyday life. . . I intend bringing together all religions and cults like beads on one string and revitalize them for individual and collective needs. This is my mission in the West.
— Meher Baba

IN RECENT YEARS America has been host to scores of Eastern men in robes who come to save the Western world. Some of these "gurus," "maharishis," "mahatmas," and "yogis" are sincere and highly motivated people. Some may even be spiritually advanced. Others are frauds, charlatans, or deluded

poseurs. (In other words, they are no different from the homegrown variety of saviors and cult-leaders.) This is an age of quackery, but it is also an age of renewal — of the quickening of the spiritual life as we move into what many believe is a new age. When the sun is rising, the shadows are dark. Only when the sun reaches its zenith is the nothingness of the shadows revealed.

Before the big influx of Indian gurus, Meher Baba made six trips to America — between 1931 and 1958. He employed no press agents and did not seek publicity. Neither did he seek converts. He advised people to stick to their own religion and not go looking for another, since all religions at heart are the same. Although he attracted crowds whenever he made himself available for public meetings, this was not his reason for coming to America. He came, he said, to awaken people — to spiritualize the materialistic West. There is nothing wrong with materialism, he stressed; but matter and spirit, like science and religion, must work hand in hand, not in opposition. To his followers Meher Baba stated that he was the Ancient One, an Incarnation of God.

In India the concept of the God-man (avatar, messiah, rasool) is widely accepted. God comes as man in every cycle of time. He came as Zoroaster, as Rama, as Krishna, as Buddha, as Jesus, as Mohammed . . . and as many others throughout the ages.

Is it possible, you might ask, that during our lifetime the Avatar walked the streets of Greenwich Village . . . collected seashells at Myrtle Beach . . . visited Ruby Falls . . . toured Hollywood studios . . . shed blood in mid-America after a collision on U.S. Highway 64 . . . and all this without most of us knowing he was here?

It is a fact that few of us have the consciousness to recognize a God-realized Being . . . and then only by God's grace. But those who met and served Meher Baba, and those who have studied his life and his teachings almost uniformly say: *If Meher Baba isn't God, who else could he be?*

Who else but the Divine Beloved could touch the hearts of men and women as Meher Baba did? Not through his words, for Meher Baba maintained silence from July 10, 1925, until he laid down his physical form on January 31, 1969. Not through his written messages and discourses (although these are powerful and moving). Not through his deeds and activities (even though they were remarkable in their breadth and impact). But through his divine love, which has changed the lives of countless persons.

By 1931, when Meher Baba first came to the West (to Europe and then America), he was thirty-seven years old and already widely acclaimed as a *sadguru* (Perfect Master). In India he was so well known that he often had to travel incognito to avoid the mobs who besieged him. He had already observed silence for nearly seven years and communicated by means of an alphabet board and gestures. (After 1954, when he gave up use of the alphabet board, he made only hand signs.)

On his first trip to the United States, Meher Baba and a group of followers stayed at the Astor Hotel and then went to Harmon-on-Hudson, where a home had been donated for his use. Many people came to meet the "silent Messiah" (as he was described in the newspapers). They sat quietly in

Meher Baba with his alphabet board just before his second trip to U.S. in 1932.

his presence or asked questions which were answered by a disciple who read Baba's rapidly moving finger on the alphabet board. Many, on seeing him the first time, wept uncontrollably. Among Baba's close American disciples who first met him during the thirties were: Malcolm and Jean Schloss, Norina Matchabelli, Nadine Tolstoy, Rano Gayley, Darwin and Jeanne Shaw, and Elizabeth Patterson. Mrs. Patterson later developed and dedicated to Meher Baba the beautiful Meher Spiritual Center in South Carolina.

In 1932, on Meher Baba's second visit, he stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Stokes in Greenwich Village, where hundreds met him at a reception. He walked around the Village and Central Park, and went to movie theaters on Broadway. (Baba liked to mingle in crowds. When the attention of a group was focused on a play or performance, he could work with people's consciousness, he said.)

Leaving New York City, Baba went to Harmon-on-Hudson. It was there that he (the previous year) had made a mysterious contact with a "spiritual agent." One afternoon he asked to be driven to Sing-Sing, the state prison at nearby Ossining. A disciple drove him there and stopped the car, and Baba covered his head with a shawl. When he removed the shawl, he explained that he had contacted an agent who was an inmate of the prison.

In May, 1932, while en route to Los Angeles by train, Meher Baba made another contact with an agent. Ruano Bogislav, a European disciple, was with Baba when he got off the train during a brief stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico. After writing "Indian" in sign language on his hand, Baba left the station and strode briskly down a street, followed by Ruano and three Eastern disciples. Turning onto a side street, Baba approached two Indians who stood talking together. One walked away and the other — a tall, impressive man with a red band tied around his forehead — faced Baba and the two looked intently into each other's eyes. No word was spoken. Then Baba turned abruptly and walked back to the train. The tall Indian, he said, was an advanced soul who served as Baba's principal agent for North America. Each major continent has one such agent, he said, and these "direct" agents take orders from the Avatar. Instructions are passed on to "indirect" agents who in turn deal with "borrowed" agents, of whom there are many. The man in Sing-Sing was a borrowed agent.

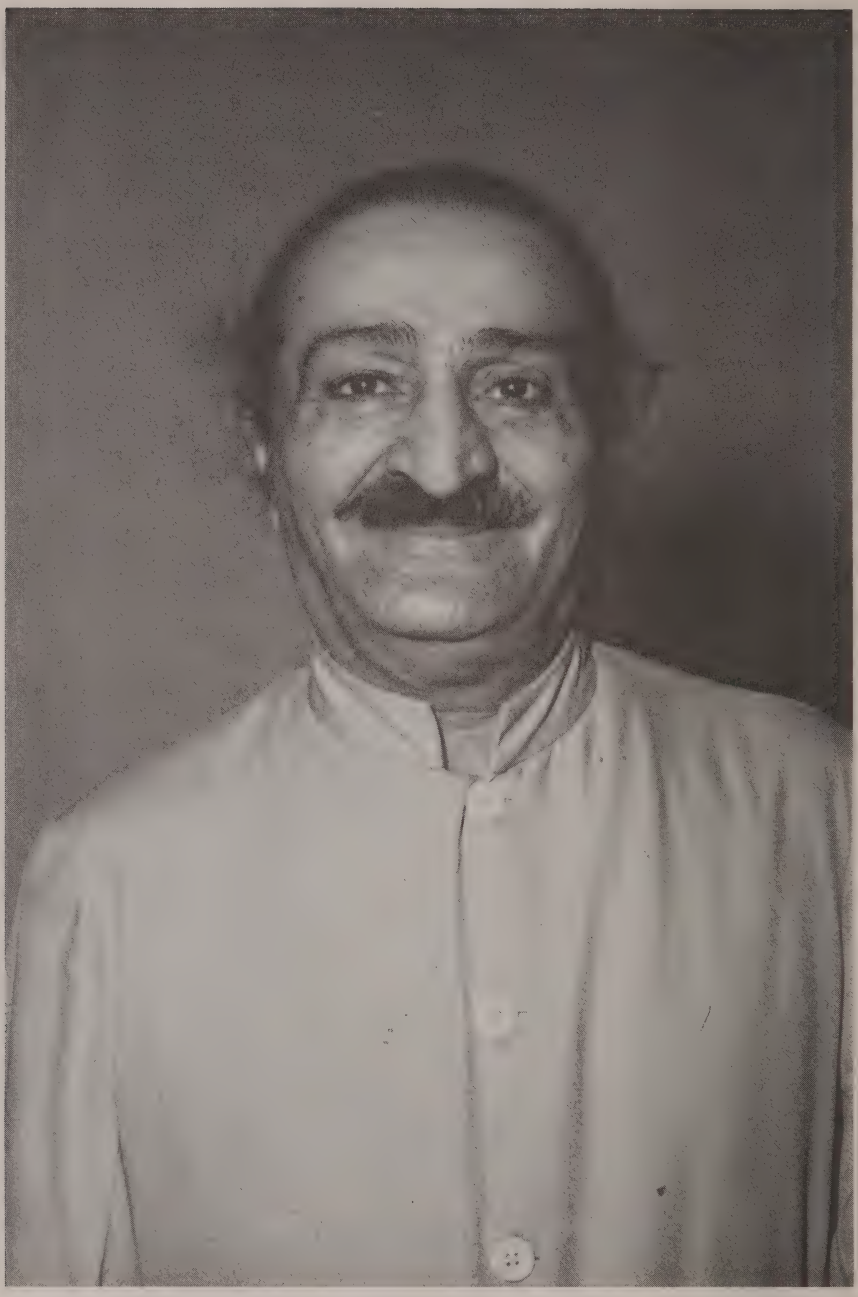
Arriving in Los Angeles, Meher Baba spent six days in Hollywood (and longer on later trips). He was photographed with both Tallulah Bankhead and Virginia Bruce, and also met Gary Cooper, Tom Mix, Maurice Chevalier, and many other stars. He liked Marie Dressler's humor but didn't care for Marlene Dietrich's breezy manner. Greta Garbo had planned to join Baba and Quentin Tod for dinner at Tallulah Bankhead's, but Garbo telephoned to say she had stayed up all the preceding night drinking champagne and coffee and felt unwell.

At a reception for Meher Baba given by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Baba gave a special message to the film world, which said, in part:

> "He who stimulates the imagination of the masses can move them in any direction he chooses, and there is no more powerful instrument

In course of 1932 tour Meher Baba went to Hollywood and met Tallulah Bankhead.

On 1956 visit to New York Baba met Elizabeth Patterson, who built S.C. center.



Meher Baba in New York City in 1956.

> for stimulating their imagination than moving pictures. . . Plays that inspire the viewers to greater understanding, truer feeling, and better lives, need not necessarily have anything to do with so-called religion. Creed, ritual, dogma, the conventional ideas of heaven and hell and sin, are perversions of the truth, and confuse and bewilder rather than clarify and inspire. Real spirituality is best portrayed in stories of pure love, of selfless service, of truth realized and applied to the most humble circumstances of our daily lives, raying out into manifold expression, through home and business, school and college, studio and laboratory — evoking everywhere the highest joy, the purest love, the greatest power — producing everywhere a constant symphony of bliss. This is the highest practicality. To portray such circumstances on the screen will make people realize that the spiritual life is something to be lived, not talked about, and that it — and it alone — will produce the peace and love and harmony which we seek to establish as the constant of our lives."

Following Meher Baba's three visits in the thirties (1931, 1932, 1934), more than 17 years passed before he returned to America. In the interim, his Western disciples had spent many years at his ashrams in India. During World War II, Baba sent two American disciples, Norina Matchabelli and Elizabeth Patterson, back to the U.S. to find a suitable location for Baba's "home in the West." The place finally selected was a 500-acre tract of virgin forest near Myrtle Beach, S.C., which became known as the Meher Spiritual Center. The property extends from U.S. Highway 17 to the Atlantic Ocean, with over a mile of beach frontage, and two fresh-water lakes behind the dunes. On a promontory above the larger lake, a communal kitchen and cabins were built. Near the northern end of the property, on the highest point of land, an attractive brick house was built for Baba. The setting affords a spectacular view of lake and ocean.

To this idyllic spot the Master came three times — in 1952, 1956, and 1958. On each occasion followers came from far and near to be with him, and hundreds came to meet him for the first time. In a weathered cypress structure known as "the Barn," Meher Baba met with large groups. Private interviews were held in the tiny Lagoon Cabin, near the head of the steps leading to the boathouse. In early morning Baba often walked a path along the lake to the ocean, and he frequently played ping-pong, charades, and other games. As was usual with Meher Baba, he supervised every detail of the Center's activities, even to planning menus. "I allow vegetarians to follow their own diet and non-vegetarians to eat meat," he said. "I do not interfere with any custom or religion. When faced with love for God, these matters have no value. Love for God means self-denial, mental control, and ego annihilation."

In May of 1952 Meher Baba and a small group of disciples left the Center by car, bound for California. As they were leaving, Baba asked Elizabeth Patterson (who was driving her blue Nash, in which Baba rode) if she had her insurance policy. Since she did not, they drove by her house some miles south of the Center to get the document. Riding with Baba and Elizabeth were three

of the Eastern *mandali* (close disciples): Mehera, Mani (Baba's sister), and Meheru. In a second car driven by Sarosh Irani were Kitty Davy, Rano Gayley, Delia DeLeon, and Dr. Goher Irani. They went through Columbia, South Carolina, then proceeded west on U.S. 64 through the mountains of North Carolina. Outside Chatanooga, Tennessee, they stopped at Ruby Falls, where Baba said they would do their last sightseeing.

On the morning of May 24, at about 10:05 a.m., near Prague, Oklahoma, a car traveling on the wrong side of the road collided with the blue Nash. Meher Baba was thrown out into a ditch and suffered a broken leg, broken arm, and head injuries. He lay there bleeding, fully conscious, while ambulances came from the Prague Clinic, seven miles away. Mehera, Elizabeth, and Meheru also were injured. The driver of the other car was a Korean War veteran, a double amputee, who was driving a specially equipped car for the first time. Neither he nor his two passengers were injured.

Dr. Burleson, the surgeon who treated the patients, later wrote: "I began attending the first one brought in, who happened to be Mrs. Patterson. By the time I had determined the major extent of her injuries, they brought in Mehera Irani. . . Dr. (Goher) Irani began urging me to come and see about Baba. Of course I had no idea who Baba was and barely heard her because of my concentration on what I was doing. When I finally got around to Baba, I was surprised to see an individual so badly injured still smiling. I was also astounded to find that he did not speak a word or make any sound denoting discomfort. I assumed that he could not, but was informed by Dr. Irani that he did not speak because of a willful act. I knew we would have to give him a general anesthetic to set his fractures and suspected he would say something at that time, but he didn't. The most attractive quality of his personality that first day was the way he would look at me with those big brown eyes as if he were reading my mind. Later I determined that the most astounding quality was that something which made it possible for him to receive such profound devotion and loyalty from so many fine and educated people. That quality cannot be forced. Such devotion can only be possible because he deserved it, or earned it."

After thirteen days in the hospital, Baba and the others returned by car and ambulance to Myrtle Beach. A message to his followers dictated by Meher Baba read: "The personal disaster for some years foretold by me has at last happened . . . It was necessary that it should happen in America. God willed it so."

(A footnote to the accident takes us back to Harmon-on-Hudson, during Meher Baba's second visit. On a morning in late spring, Baba picked a small pink flower and gave it to Elizabeth Patterson. Using his alphabet board he spelled out slowly that she should always keep the flower and should write down the date. That evening she pasted the flower inside the cover of her New Testament and wrote: Baba — May 24, 1932. Many years later, after the accident, she opened the New Testament and, seeing the date, realized that Baba had given her the flower exactly 20 years before the accident.)

In July of 1956, Meher Baba left India with four of his *mandali* on a whirlwind world tour. After stopping at Zurich, Paris, and London, they flew to New York and stayed four days at the Hotel Delmonico. Then, accom-

In 1956 Baba visited Meher Spiritual Center built near Myrtle Beach, S.C.

panied by fifty of Baba's American "lovers" (a term Baba used in preference to the traditional "devotees"), he flew to Wilmington, North Carolina, and drove to the Meher Spiritual Center for a six-day *sahavas* (intimate gathering of Master and disciples). In the lovely garden above the bluff at Baba's house, surrounded by a large group, he said (through gestures interpreted by Eruch Jessawala): "Of all the places in the world, I feel most comfortable in this house."

On August 2, he flew to Washington, D.C., for a one-day stay, then to Los Angeles. He and his party drove to "Meher Mount," near Ojai, where a lovely site had been dedicated to him. Later they visited San Francisco and went to Muir Woods, where Baba was photographed sitting in the hollow of an 1800-year-old redwood. On August 7 he flew to Australia.

His last visit to the U.S. was in 1958. With three male disciples, he arrived in New York on May 17, and went directly to Myrtle Beach, where a *sahavas* program with 200 of his "lovers" took place at "the Barn." (He was convalescing from injuries suffered in a second automobile accident, which had occurred in India, and he was carried about the Center in a special chair.) He officiated at a "birthday" party for forty children. Several musical programs also were held, featuring both Eastern *quawalis* and Western music (including "Begin the Beguine," which Baba said had eternal meaning and which he arranged to have played at his tomb after he passed on). One dance performance was put on for him by dancers brought by Margaret Craske, a longtime disciple who, at this writing, still teaches ballet in New York although she is over ninety years old.

Before Baba left the Center (for Australia and then India) on May 30, he suggested to Elizabeth Patterson that more people in the future might be permitted to visit the Center — even when he was not physically there. She asked him who should come, and he replied: "Those who love and follow me, and those who know of me and want to know more."

Over the succeeding years, Meher Baba's wishes have been followed carefully — by Mrs. Patterson (who passed on in 1980), and by Kitty Davy, whose fifty years with Meher Baba are beautifully documented in her book, *Love Alone Prevails*, published in 1981. The Center is open throughout the year (both for day visitors and persons staying in the cabins), and visitors come from all over the world. Insofar as it is practical, it has been kept just as it was when Baba was there.

Meher Baba dropped his physical body on January 31, 1969, in India, and his close disciples say that his presence is even more strongly felt now than when he was bodily in their midst. During his last stay at Myrtle Beach, he said that his heart would always be at the Center, and those of us who are fortunate enough to visit the Meher Center feel that his heart indeed is there.

Meher Baba quotations from, and used with permission of, the following sources:
The Perfect Master, by C.B. Purdom, © 1976 by Sheriar Press, Inc.
Love Alone Prevails, by Kitty Davy, © 1981 by Meher Spiritual Center Inc.
The Awakener Magazine, Vol. 12, No. 3, © 1968 by The Universal Spiritual of America Inc.
All Meher Baba quotations are held under copyright by the Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust, Ahmednagar, India. Used by permission.

He does not really abstain at all because he has revised his relationship to his own desires . . . .

THE WEALTHY RENUNCIATE

by BRAD HILL

THERE is a confusion afoot. It is a confusion which in a way has been aggravated — but also eased somewhat — by the introduction into this country of eastern spiritual tradition. It concerns renunciation as an ideal.

This is not to say that eastern religions have a lock on this ideal. Quite to the contrary. In one form or another renunciation has been an expression of inspiration and aspiration in all schools of faith, not least of all Christianity. Certainly New Testament teachings make clear statements on matters of possession and dispossession. Asceticism was de rigeur in the early Christian monasteries of the second and third centuries, and later — although in a gentler way — with the Christian mystics of the 13th. and 14th. centuries. But

as a living tradition, renunciation has been much more constant in the east than the west. One reason is clear. Ideals are influenced by current conditions, and it is easy to see how someone who gladly forsakes luxury and possessions can attain a spot on a societal pedestal in India, for example, more easily than in the western land of plenty, where standards of accomplishment are measured more by degree of comfort and amount of property.

This has sometimes been a concern for both cultures. In India, Vivekananda and others have addressed themselves to the tendency of religious detachment to become impoverished complacency. In our culture the issue is reversed. Renunciation as an approach to lifestyle is generally thought of as appropriate only within poor communities, where there is no choice. Anything else is a capricious forsaking of life's opportunity. Neither extreme offers a balanced outlook, because each represents the same confusion. In each case the association that must be corrected is between poverty and spirituality. In India the lesson has been that progressive technology is not necessarily unspiritual, while here there is room for the realization that spirituality is not necessarily unprogressive. In America the state of mind has not been helped, perhaps, in that many people feel — however vaguely — somewhat condemned by what they know of eastern scripture and practice. The eastern encouragement to withdraw one's worldly investments, combined with the western tendency to see things through an ethical schema by which they are either good or evil, can result in the impression that in the eyes of the east, our technological affluence is . . . well, *bad.*

In the middle of this stands the true renunciate. On one hand a noble symbol of aloofness through poverty, on the other hand an ignoble symbol of poverty through aloofness. But he knows better on both counts. The true renunciate — of either culture — is not poor at all.

One of the sources of the misunderstanding is the confusion of renunciation with abstinence. Simply stated, abstinence is the practice of frustration. Like any practice it has its uses, to be sure, but it must be directed toward an end. It has no particular virtue of its own. The potential renunciate who finds virtue in abstinence by itself is on a painful treadmill, the saddest aspect of which is the misperception of the rich heritage of existence. An impoverished renunciate is one who yearns. His suffering is one of wanting and refusing to have.

The wealthy renunciate, on the other hand, washes his hands of suffering entirely. Still, since he obviously must not be partaking of the world in some way, it is reasonable to ask him of the nature of his abstinence and toward what it is directed. These questions lead straight to the source of his wealth.

The point of renunciation is not so much to give up indulgences as to be free of habitual desire. The wealthy renunciate does not really abstain at all, because he has revised his relationship to his own desires. The motivation for all his relinquishment is not to be without, but to be free. To his mind, there is poverty which is simply the habit of refusing to have. This habit reveals its own existence through the automatic operation of desire. Desire, indicating a less-than-sufficient state, *is* poverty. Its simple message is lack. The addictive

nature of desire is often masked by societal support, particularly where there is affluence. As a result, a strong sense of poverty is often grown from the most affluent cultures. At the same time, the relative ease with which the desire/gratification circle is closed makes western culture an ideal one for examining its operation as a habit. This is one reason the eastern spiritual viewpoint has taken hold so well here. As far as desire is concerned, the acquisitive atmosphere of this society creates a rich laboratory in which to juxtapose the scientific tone of the east with the more emotional character of Christian tradition. When it comes to renunciation, the specifics of this juxtaposition are addiction on one hand, as opposed to sin on the other.

Desire is not evil, just painful. Its nature is to reach outside the present moment, since it expresses the insufficiency of things as they are, and craves things as they will be. The habit becomes established as an automatic pattern of thought when the future is craved for its own sake, and the present is forsaken regardless of content. The particulars of circumstance and the specific objects of desire, at this point, serve only to justify a process which is operating under its own momentum. This is hard to see, since the particularity of desires makes each seem uniquely necessary. As a habit of mind, desire is a chronic urging of the present to meet the future, like riding in the first car of a train in order to reach its destination sooner. Desire can be satisfied, but because the habit of mind has been established, the satisfaction is as short-lived as it takes to once again become restless with the new present. Chronic attachment to the future is chronically unsatisfying because the future is lost the moment it is gained. Momentary as the present is, it is the only permanence.

Complete renunciation is the whole mind in the present moment. Or, to put it differently, it is the presence of mind in the wholeness of the moment. This does not mean, though, that the renunciate's life has no plan, although it is true that he is much less concerned with making arrangements. He invests in the future by training himself not to shirk the present. His life has as much pattern as anybody's, but he does not usually see himself as the author of its particulars, because these particulars no longer dictate his well-being. The renunciate recognizes that only he can grant something power over his well-being. Be regaining control of his desires, that power is rescinded. The wealthy renunciate has a simple mind. He renounces only one thing: the lack habit, as expressed by the desire habit. Once this habit of mind is successfully renounced, there is no need to either cling to or reject the world. Clinging in fact rejects, rejection in fact clings. This too is an aspect of the confusion between abstinence and renunciation. Abstinence rejects things of the world, renunciation lets them fall away or not. The successful renunciate rarely avoids anything, because he hasn't the habit of constantly anticipating. He neither reaches for nor pushes away — they are the same habit — he simply *has.*

Neither is the wealthy renunciate an escapist. In fact in his mind there is not, in reality, any such thing as escape. The notion that someone can live outside of the present is absurd, the attempt painful. Abstinence is a withdrawal, but renunciation demands involvement. The renunciate has made a deep, radical commitment to the world and his involvement in it. His worldliness is

immediate, and therefore of substance. True renunciation is giving up an escapist habit of mind.

One of the reasons it is difficult to identify with the renunciate has to do with his apparently superhuman power of will. He seems untouched by the temptations of the world. But the will to resist is a tool of abstinence, while renunciation is furthered more by clarity of understanding. The reason the renunciate seems immune to temptation is not due to a greater will, but to his familiarity with the dynamics of desire. When we want, we feel that something is wanting, and to all intents and purposes this subjective impression is an objective reality. The urge to correct this personal sense of incompleteness is fully automatic. Temptation has nothing to do with it. The popular notion that temptation reaches us through objects of desire, and is yielded to through their acquisition, creates a tangle of difficulties. Of course we want those things which seem necessary to our wholeness, and if these same things are interpreted as a liaison between ourselves and a sinister force of serpentine persuasiveness, it becomes easy to think that the attainment of wholeness is bad. Filling a need becomes an indication of weak self-indulgence. This, of course, is an impossibility that our being will never accept, so we are forced to engage in a process which we insist on seeing as evil.

But the fact is that we are never tempted to fill a need, we are tempted only to see a need. Temptation is the inclination to see oneself as wanting. And there it ends. Because it is not through temptation that we acquire, it is not through abstinence that temptation is met. Trying to nip temptation in the bud by refusing to fill a need which seems real betrays the same misconception as trying to kill a weed by cutting off its leaves. The root of the matter is found in one's habitual discontent.

Temptation reaches us not through what we want, but through the habit of wanting. Acquisition is not an indulgence any more than abstinence is a virtue, and neither offers lasting satisfaction. Neither one, by itself, will lead to the renunciate's wealth, which is the state of having. The popular association between acquiring and having is as misleading as the related confusion between abstinence and renunciation. This is a particularly troublesome obstacle on the renunciate's path, thanks to the relentless persuasion with which this connection is taught. In this society, particularly, it lives at the heart of our entire philosophy of happiness: to have, keep getting. But while the activity of getting is an excellent expression of wanting, as a remedy it is absolutely ineffective. The pursuit of something not yet possessed is the pursuit of lack itself. Getting, inasmuch as it satisfies, reinforces the attraction of wanting. More enervating than that, the fleeting satisfaction of getting creates an addiction to wanting. Getting is certainly empowered to satisfy a particular desire, but it cannot address itself to the *habit* of desire, and it is only the habit itself which concerns the renunciate. The practice of wanting, in order to experience getting, assures that we will never really have. This is central to all addiction, regardless of its status in society. We abhor some particular addictions, there are some we fear, we applaud others and tolerate the rest. But it is all the same habit of mind. Getting simply supports the habit of wanting.

The wealthy renunciate has replaced the activity of getting with the activity of having as his life's work. His state of being has a circular security to it: he is unwanting on account of his wealth, and wealthy because he no longer wants uncontrollably. Wealth does not crave more. True renunciates are all around us in every circumstance, doing all kinds of work in all kinds of costumes. Their renunciation is an attitude, not a posture. But wherever he lives, the wealthy renunciate is a success in his career as a human. Day-to-day contentment, after all, is the bottom-line indicator of successful living. Existence is an art to be practiced with increasing skill, and skilled existence is simply being well, shown through well-being. The renunciate's wealth speaks for the accomplishment of his being.

The wealthy renunciate, like anybody else, pursues his career through the twofold path of understanding and practice. Here as elsewhere, the two feed each other: understanding motivates, practice clarifies. The more the aspiring renunciate understands his or her habits of mind, the greater is the inclination to practice having rather than getting. Conversely, five minutes spent sitting in complete needlessness yields more in the way of self-understanding than a year of hot pursuit.

Despite all this, there is one thing more to be added. If our wealthy friend were to read this discussion of his ways, he would insist on a final observation. The renunciate is not, in reality, the slightest bit richer or poorer than anybody else. It is simply that he has discovered what is ours for the having, and has freed himself to partake of it.

IN THE BARN

by ROBERT H. WHITE

Leaving yard work strewn
In a flood of noon sun,
I stepped into matted dark
And in the silence of horses
Saw how light, split
To edges by cool timber,
Cut crossbeams out of hay dust
Rising from the unlit floor.

LAST LOOKS AT AN OLD BIBLE CLASS

by PRISCILLA SMITH BOTTI

TO have attended Miss Lucy's Bible Class was a memorable experience. For over a half-century, one night a week she taught the Word of God to the children in our neighborhood. In the years I attended, we arrived at her house every Friday night at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock when we left for home, she stood in her kitchen doorway and waved a small white hanky. We knew she would stay there just so long as we could turn and still see her. Once she was no longer visible, we communicated that fact by shouting back "last looks."

Even now, it is easy to recall my *first looks* of Miss Lucy because during all the years I knew her, her appearance, though flawlessly neat and clean, remained unchanged. She was small, slim and her white hair was pulled straight back, pinned in a bun. Little, oval-shaped, gold rimmed spectacles perched on her delicate nose. She wore her skirts long and never had anything but black shoes. If she ever had a new coat, hat or dress, they blended so well with what she had, I never knew it.

She was a well-to-do spinster and except for her years at Wellesley College, her life was spent on the 250-acre Baldwin homestead in a small Connecticut town where she was born in 1863. Once it was a productive farm, but when I was a child, shortly after World War I, all she kept was a cow, a driving horse, a few chickens and several Angora cats. She did not like change and her 15-room Colonial home had no improvements.

And it was there in her large bay window room that she conducted her Bible Class. Its members, ranging in age from four years to late teens, and at times as many as twenty in number, sat around an extension table. In the table's center was a kerosene lamp and at everyone's place was a Bible. Because she felt no one was too young to become familiar with the Bible.

Our lessons varied. Sometimes we read Bible stories, but most often, we read the Bible. And we did lots of memory work as she insisted we memorize

many sections of both the Old and New Testaments. Whatever our lesson, she taught us reverence, respect and above all, the love of God.

After closing prayers, one of the big boys held the lamp and we gathered around an old pump organ while she played and led us in singing hymns. After that, it was the play hour.

Sometimes we played in her barns and sheds and sometimes we played in her house. She had a toy closet which contained numerous old and new toys and games. In her west wing, she had a fine library and often we asked her to select a book and read to us. She made every story so interesting, we scarcely realized it always carried a message that hopefully would shape our lives for the better.

Never a summer passed without having a Bible Class Picnic. On a selected day, she loaded as many of us as would fit into her wagon, along with baskets of food and cans of lemonade, and with the older ones on foot, we went across the river into her lush pine forest. After we played and ate our fill, she took her Bible from the wagon and sat on the ground. We stretched out on our backs on the cool, well-matted pine needles and while we watched the fleecy clouds drift by, she read to us. Appropriately she started with the 121st Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes . . ."

Every season had its own special wonders at Bible Class. Some winter nights we brought our sleds and for the play hours, she joined us sledding. On the long walks back up the snow-covered hills, she shared her seemingly unlimited knowledge of astronomy with us. But she always concluded with a firm reminder of the first words in *Genesis,* "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

There was a place on the south side of her house where snowdrops grew. At the first Bible Class meeting after "the winter had passed and the flowers appeared on the earth . . ." we went with her and picked them. How happy we were when she divided them and made sure each family had some of God's first spring flowers.

In summer when her old-fashioned flower garden was in bloom, we went there for Bible Class songs and prayers. When she unlatched the little white gate and we followed her inside, such a feeling of peace and reverence came over us, we felt we were living that glorious hymn, *In The Garden.*

As soon as the frost hit and the nuts began to fall, we had our play hour before Bible Class and she went to pick the nuts with us. She did that, she said, to remind us of the verse we learned in *Revelations*: "The time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

And after ninety-five years, the time came for Miss Lucy to reap her harvest for her earthly goodness. Prominent in the crowd at her funeral were numerous members of her old Bible Class. Some families were represented by as many as three generations of Bible Class attendants. I am quite sure that each one had special thoughts that day. For myself I humbly acknowledge that one of the most wonderful chapters of my life had closed forever. As I started to leave the cemetery, I paused and took a small white hanky from my pocket. Then I turned, raised it slightly and softly whispered, "last looks."

ANOMALOUS MOZART

by THOMAS S. BAKER

HOW do we explain the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?

The marvelous Broadway play *Amadeus* seems to be spun off this very question. Toward the end of the first act, Salieri, who is cast in the role of tragic villain, delivers a breathtaking soliloquy about the blatant injustice of Mozart's genius. Legend has it that, as the end-product of a life spent in jealousy, Salieri poisoned Mozart. Salieri was a good musician who possessed all the social skills and graces which Mozart lacked. He was diplomatic and knew how to work the religio-political bureaucracy of his day. In his soliloquy, Salieri vituperates God for the unjustness of it. He does not deny the genius of Mozart. What literally maddens him is how such a graceless fool can produce music which in no apparent way reflects his personality.

This is not the place to go into a detailed chronicle of Mozart's life and times. But perhaps it is worth mentioning that Mozart lacked the sense to get along properly in life and that he also possessed a plethora of rather unpleasant habits. He had a penchant for scatology and assorted other forms of "bathroom humor" — the letters he wrote to his female cousin would make a reader of *Playboy* blush. He was arrogant and had little respect for the people for whom he wrote and on whom he depended for a living. He drank too much (a fact which probably had more to do with his early death than Salieri's alleged poisoning). He had an odd, unattractive physique: a diminutive body with a large head, somewhat bulbous eyes, and a nose altogether too big even for his big head. He had the habit of sabotaging hard-sought positions at court (his father, Leopold, did most of the groundwork) by leaving gatherings abruptly in order to sequester himself with his billiard table, where he would play in solitude for hours. Even those music historians most enamored of Mozart have a hard time finding much that was lovable or endearing to report about him. How, then, did such a strange, out-of-step character produce such sublime music?

To carry the point farther. If a composer's music reflects the general trend of his life, Mozart's music should have become increasingly more banal or certainly more melancholy after the age of twenty. One cannot go on being a child prodigy much beyond the age of sixteen. We know that the public's fascination with Mozart waned rather quickly as he entered his twenties and that his life from that point on was a steady process of downward slide and disintegration.

The court appointments did not come, the commissions did not come, nor would he often lower himself to go looking for them. He was forced to sell absolute gems of music at rhinestone prices. He had few if any close friends and, though he apparently cared deeply for his wife, he did little to maintain even the semblance of a marriage with her. By his thirty-fourth year, the combination of a childhood kidney ailment and injudicious use of wine had weakened him to the point where he frequently had to cancel what few tours and commissions he was still able to get. We would expect his musical output in some way to reflect this decline, but, again, exactly the opposite is the case. His great operas, the last six symphonies, the mature piano concerti, even his grandest church music — the Requiem (which he never finished and which, according to legend, he wrote for himself) were composed during the "decline." While one can point to bits and pieces of musical melancholy and sadness during this time (the G-minor symphony, the Masonic funeral music, arias from *The Magic Flute*), the preponderance of this music is joyously transcendant, giving no hint of the almost constant emotional and physical pain Mozart was experiencing.

There are undoubtedly numerous ways to explain how such an unfortunate person could write music of such ineluctable grace and beauty. Salieri, in *Amadeus*, sees the answer quite clearly: it is the hand of God, the Creator, choosing to express Himself through this puny vessel called Mozart. This is hard for us mere humans to understand. We want those whom we call masters to be sterling individuals. We want them to be hard workers (Mozart, as an adult, seldom practiced and even more rarely edited or slaved over compositions — they came out "right" the first time). We want them to be revolutionaries (Mozart with few exceptions seldom went beyond the bounds of classicism, which indeed he may be said to have defined and brought to its zenith). Master musicians, in short, ought to be what we want them to be.

Thus Mozart is an anomaly. We cannot explain his music or understand his genius by studying his person. If Salieri was right — and I risk lapsing into record-jacket sentimentalism — the music of Mozart was a gift of God, an unexpected, inexplicable prize expressed through the life of an otherwise insignificant person. Those who wish to will see other such "gifts" recorded in history. For this writer the most obvious example is that the Almighty and Creator chose to reveal himself in human history as a child of undistinguished parents, to live a life of marked humility and simpleness, and to die a criminal's death on the cross — hardly the way most of us would have conceived for him.

It is to historical anomalies that we should look for the hand of God and also to them that we should look for the gift given back to God. Christ gave his life *for* mankind but *to* God. Mozart gave his music *for* mankind (though one doubts if that was his intention) but also — in the historical replaying — *to* God. He was not alone in this. But this writer likes to believe in the comment made by the great twentieth-century German theologian Karl Barth: "When the angels gather in heaven to play for state occasions, they play Bach. When they get together on their own time to play solely for the joy of God, they play Mozart."

SOME GOOD NEWS IS POSSIBLE

by ELIZABETH SOCOLOW

IT'S eleven o'clock and closing time at the corner milk store. The young woman behind the checkout counter locks the register, tallies the night's earnings. Even at the last minutes, making change for the breathless customers, her face is radiant and she says "Bye now!" to each with a voice as spirited as her eyes. Her cheeks and mouth are patchwork geography from some nameless accident of birth. Does she have "problems" or is this an example of the triumph of cellular life and growth? Perhaps she is quintessentially human.

The suggestion is put forward by Francois Jacob, a renowned French microbiologist. He knows the way of cells and microorganisms and social insects. He has watched for decades how, exactly, nature creates and recreates. In a slender book called, in translation, *The Possible and the Actual* (Pantheon, N.Y.), Jacob likens the course of evolution to the habitual practice of the do-it-yourselfer, who takes to hand anything in the vicinity of the workspace to construct whatever is needed, whatever comes next. In French, working in this manner is called *bricolage.* Bric-a-brac is one byproduct of the practice. And signboards in French-speaking countries all over Europe advertise tiles and lumber, cement, soil, gravel, tools, and invite the Sunday carpenter and mason and landscape architect in all of us to *bricoler.*

When I was young and first learning French, I made up a rhyme, believing that all languages were secretly connected, "O lay a brick and *bricoler* and make whatever you need today. O *bricoler.*" And while that notion of linkage is errant nonsense, the sense of juggling toward a coherent, organized, and objective goal gets at the quality of the activity in *bricolage* and, according to Jacob, in the operations of natural development. There is a playfulness in the combinations and inventions brought together by the mind of the tinkerer, the needs of the environment, and the happenstance objects that have fallen in the same place at that moment.

Jacob argues that the individuality of each of us, including and especially the most unusual, most gifted, and handicapped of us, express an obvious fact of nature. From the point of view of species survival, diversity, versatility and motion forward toward more comfortable and more complex adaptations, we were all *meant* to be as different as unicorns or sunsets or fingerprints. In our being we all deviate from the standard in some way though our behavior must remain cooperative. From the point of view of our engrained ways of thinking, we all have something "wrong" with us.

If we believe people like Karen Horney and Erik Erikson, men and women also view the world through their own rather different shapes. Each of us possesses not only a different body but a brain as unique as our faces. And not only is the shape of the brain unique but so is the chemistry. "The conclusion is inescapable," writes Jacob "that mind is a product of brain organization in the same way that life is a product of molecular organization." Jacob asserts that timing is crucial, that *when* certain enzymes are released, they can alter the developmental structures and function of a species, and that the major differences between us and apes probably derive not from different elements but from different pacing of a few regulatory mechanisms. "Diversification and specialization of organisms thus appear to result not so much from the appearance of new components as from different use of the same components. Minor changes in regulatory circuits during development of the embryo can affect the rate of growth of different tissues or the time of synthesis of certain proteins, speeding up here, slowing down there." Evolution is a kind of spiral, getting more spacious, allowing room for more to enter the receiving space, much as a shell of a snail allows for more growth. What interests Jacob is what he calls "a kind of biological reality." He defines that reality "as the particular representation of the external world that the brain of a given species is able to build." And as he is compelled to celebrate quality, he remarks that, "the quality of such biological reality evolves with the nervous system in general and the brain in particular."

The quality of life, or how *best* to live, has always been the concern of philosophers. Jacob is a scientist with a philosophic grounding and the vision of the artist deeply engaged with individuality. Jacob sees nature itself as a kind of *improving* system. Change is extraordinarily slow, but because of the diversity of so many different versions of the same basic product, like a theme with infinite variations, the possibility for a world that is kinder and better than the one we know now seems to him contained in the genetic base. Hope is a word for a biological phenomenon. But there can be mistakes and blind alleys. Evil is a kind of stasis and dullness and homogenization that would remove the healthy diversity from the system.

Jacob argues that to the degree that civilization, and particularly technological civilization strives to obtain clones, culture strives maladaptively against nature. There is a difference between equality and standardization or identity. If everyone wears ten-cent plastic sandals, the craft of weaving becomes so rare as to be an art. That sort of equality levels and reduces the special skills of individuals within a culture. Ethics must deal with a different aspect of equality, the need to mete out justice evenhandedly "precisely because human beings are not identical," as Jacob states. "Equality is not a biological concept. Two molecules or two cells are never said to be equal . . . . And this endless combinatorial system which generates diversity and makes each of us unique cannot be overestimated. It gives the species all its wealth, all its versatility, all its possibilities."

The war rages because of the pride of possession of one's own point of view, the assumption that it is shared by anyone else, the difficulty of communicating how it might be to live comfortably inside a differently conceived

and perceived universe. Consider what would happen if the animals described in the following paragraph attempted to tell each other how the world really is. The situation would be far more confusing, chaotic, and frustrating than the dilemma of the six blind men touching an elephant and sharing their findings.

"There are many ways for living organisms to probe the external world. Some smell it; others listen to it; many see it. Every organism is so equipped as to obtain a certain perception of the outer world . . . Honey bees, for instance, are blind to red light but are able to see ultraviolet light to which we are blind. A whole series of specific devices have evolved, such as ultrasonic echolocation in bats, electrosensitive organs in fish, infrared eyes in snakes, sensitivity to polarized light in bees, and sensitivity to magnetic fields in birds."

If we let go of the pride that mistakes relative and partial views of the world for absolute reality, Jacob's probing of the fundamental biological organization is a charter for appreciation of difference and so of peace and wonder. The oppressive notion of all people being alike, or all women or all men being alike is biologically untrue. The special people among us are not to be shunned or mocked or mourned by a perfectionist standard that would replicate endlessly like the repetitive drone of a needle on an ancient record's final grooves. The danger is that technological ease and the belief in standardization that accompanies mechanical expertise may, after all, eradicate difference and bring about dullness and doom "a single technological, pidgin-speaking, uniform way of life."

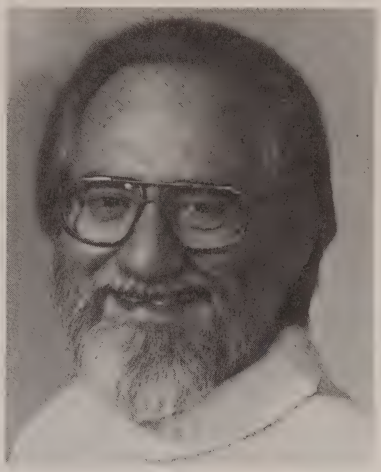
Jacob does not exhort us to abandon nuclear weapons or to look to utopian solutions of government and the economy. His homely examples come from the world of animals — those bees who perceive polarized light, the snakes with infrared vision, the birds who know true north in their bones. He might have been pleased by the gesture of the one-armed nurse who tucked in the label sticking up from the collar of her fellow nurse. He might have recorded in the permanent movie of his mind the nonchalance of the gesture, the complete acceptance of one-handedness, like the documentary filmstrips of people doing dishes with highly mobile feet because they have no hands at all.

What Jacob asks of people is simpler than a catalogue of miraculous adaptation or a list of thou shalt nots. He says: "We have to be careful. We have to use our imagination better."

CREDITS

Cover: Photo by Brian Yen of Creative Images
Page 9: The Brooklyn Museum of Art
Page 17: Photo by Carl G. Karsch
Page 19: Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago
Page 23, 25, 26, 29: Copyright © by Lawrence Reiter (Hermes)
Page 47: Religious News Service Photo

Ken Keyes, Jr.



Perhaps more than any other, Ken Keyes, Jr. is the contemporary spiritual leader most closely associated with the ideals and philosophies of the New Age. One of the pioneers in integrating consciousness-training with humanistic psychology, Keyes has founded a spiritual community in St. Mary., Ky., authored several best-selling books on the laws that govern human happiness, and attracted a network of 80,000 people interested in his work. However, despite the success of his workshops, recordings, books, and tapes, Keyes of late has added his voice to the chorus of social-activists who believe stopping nuclear war should be the foremost priority of all. His new book, *The Hundreth Monkey*, is a radical departure from his previous self-help oriented works. Its message is that there is a 50-50 chance of nuclear war and that nothing less than a transformation of human attitudes can prevent catastrophe. The following interview was conducted at the Wellness Conference at Virginia Beach, Virginia.

KK: You ask about the spiritual significance of all this. It's as though the twentieth century, or the divine architect of it all, is now saying to humankind: "You have only a short time to make this transition from power-consciousness to love-consciousness" . . . Put very simply, it means we've got to learn to love each other, to find cooperation, oneness, and wholeness instead of separateness.

FIP: Given the possibility of nuclear holocaust, what becomes the responsibility of spiritually-aware people?

KK: I think spiritually-aware people will just continue to teach what they have always taught. There's just a new urgency on us now. Instead of trying to say, "If you want to live a spiritual life, you should learn to love everyone unconditionally," or "You should manifest in your life that God is love" . . . instead of saying this is *the way*, we can now truthfully say this is *the only way*. If you look at what all religions try to teach, behind the specific parts that distinguish them as individual religions, all are saying: "We must love each other. God is love."

It's a fierce game that the universe is asking us to play, and it will be up to our spiritual leaders. I feel every human being on this planet must now play the part of a spiritual leader. I don't see that we can rely on the politicians to save us, or the business folks, or the professors. I think we need to engrave on our hearts the feeling that humanity and peace must come before all. No

longer can we separate ourselves — not even over religion, as some folks are doing in Ireland, or cultural differences, as may be happening with Jewish folks and Arab folks, or over economic or political theories, as happens with Russians and the people of this country. First and foremost, we must build bridges from human to human, making less important every way in which human minds separate themselves.

FIP: On a more personal note, Ken, I wonder how many people realize you are confined to a wheelchair. What part has being a quadriplegic played in your evolution?

KK: I think this in a very subtle, pervasive way taught me it's not what happens to you that's important, but your attitude. Over the years, my attitude toward being quote crippled unquote is that it really doesn't matter. It gave me the gut-level experience that part of human life is what we call "catastrophe" and that the spiritual challenge of all our human lives is to surf through it. Each of us has a choice in creating his or her reality. That's the spiritual message. It can be a heavenly reality or it can be a hellish one. We have the choice. All of us. That's the central message of all spiritual thought in its higher essence. Thus, I suppose, the significance of my handicap is that it required me to learn this spiritual lesson.

FIP: How would you describe the focus of your work right now with Cornucopia, the spiritual community you founded?

KK: I would say it's a two-sided coin. On one side, I have the energy of what I thought was my life's work. That is learning to experience more deeply in my own life and to share with others the meaning of what I consider to be the law of higher consciousness: "Love everyone unconditionally — including yourself." In order to accomplish this I have formulated twelve pathways and founded Cornucopia down in St Mary, Kentucky, which is a teaching institute that gives people instruction in how to do this in their own lives. I thought my life was neatly wrapped up and tied with a bow. But, this past year, I realized our leaders are taking us into a holocaust that can mean the end forever of human beings on this planet. — *Angelo John Lewis*

SOUL TRAVEL

by MELISSA CLARK

Like me the hummingbird transcribes
inner space, leaves
the outer reaches to
the albatross, the ragged hawk
that flies alone.
The hawk is.
I am what shall be.

LETTERS

Weekend At A Zen Monastery

I want to congratulate you on the issue (*January, 1983)*: it limns aspects of the practice here — and of American Zen students — that haven't been brought out before. Gassho.

— Zenrin Bob Lewis *(New York)*

'The Face of Prayer'

I wish to express my delight over such an inspirational treasure as *The Face of Prayer* by Abraham Menashe. It is a book which one can turn to many times and continually receive new insight. It is pure poetry, with each photograph containing a wealth of life's poignant and triumphant moments. Fellowship in Prayer must be very proud to have a part in its production. I'm sure Carl Evans [founder of the Fellowship] would be rejoicing. The enclosed thought is only one facet of what should be said about such a book:

The center of prayer is the God-like you
Who kneels in humility seeking grace.
A channel of light . . . with it shining through
The radiance of prayer glowing on your face.

— Zelma Dennis *(California)*

Women's Spiritual Journeyings

As a Benedictine contemplative and as editor of a similar periodical of spirituality, I read your fine publication with great interest. One of your articles, "Women's Spiritual Journeyings" by Doris Donnelly, was of particular interest. It made me think you might like to add another authoress to your reading list. Ruth Burrows has written several fine books on prayer; one of them, *Before the Living God*, is an autobiography. Others are: *Guidelines to Mystical Prayer, Fire Upon the Earth,* and *To Believe in Jesus.* If I am not mistaken, they are all Dimension Books, Denville, N.J.

— Sr. Romanus Penrose, OSB Editor, *Spirit & Life*
(St Louis, Missouri)

Development

I have been a subscriber for many years and have seen much new development in your emphasis, especially in your appreciation of many religious groups.

One of the great teachers of the New Testament, Dr Edward I. Bosworth, dean of the Theological Seminary at Oberlin College, once wrote: "I believe that the will of God is to develop a race of men powerful, honest, and friendly, working with Him to carry life forward everywhere."

That is all-inclusive, as Fellowship in Prayer is. It is so simply expressed. It would mean the end of wars if it could be accomplished.

I wish you much success.

— Doris E. Symmonds *(California)*

NEWS OF PRAYER

This month's "News of Prayer" section is dedicated to the theme of Peace and Prayer. The peace movement (or the threat of universally-devastating nuclear war — however you choose to recognize it) has been in the news all winter in the religious and spiritual sector as well as the secular. Within the peace movement, there is a growing consciousness of the need for prayer and spiritual guidance for the present situation, and a growing involvement by religious groups, particularly the churches.

Fellowship in Prayer was organized over thirty years ago as a call to people of all faiths to pray, specifically to pray for "the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man toward the consummation of a better understanding of international and human relations." It is with an understanding that praying for peace requires more than just sitting back and asking God to declare peace on the planet that we bring you, in this section, news of those who are working on the front lines to wage peace.

The Way to a Healthier Society

Vincent Harding, a black historian and social activist believes that an individual's spirituality must be coupled with a commitment to work in the world for spiritual ideals. At a talk last year in Boston, he urged people concerned with holistic living and spiritual healing to merge the struggle for social transformation with the search for personal spiritual fulfillment. Harding likened the principles of holistic health to the healing of society. For instance, many of us, he pointed out, have given up on relying totally on the experts in the medical field, in order to take on responsibility for our own health. The next step, he feels, is to assume responsibility ourselves for the world in which we live, by giving up on the "experts" in the social, political, and economic fields. "We can know our society as deeply as we are beginning to know ourselves, and that is the beginning of the pathway towards healing . . . The healing of ourselves that does not speak to the healing of society is not reaching the fundamental levels of reality. What, after all, is the value of personal fulfillment if it is not also a step toward more universal well-being?"

The Churches' Commitment

Churches are now expressing their commitment to the peace movement in new and stronger ways; their protest of nuclear war is no longer limited to issuing general moral statements. For example, they proved to be influential in lobbying against production of the MX missile. They, too, are giving up on the "experts." As Bob Alpern, of the Unitarian Universalist Association of Churches in North America noted, "We have listened to the experts for 37 years, and they have led us into the abyss."

The pastoral letter drafted by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops Ad Hoc Committee on War and Peace was the most publicized

church protest of the winter. The statement, scheduled to be made public this spring, has raised eyebrows, criticism, and support in secular and religious circles. The 285 bishops of the NCCB endorsed a second draft of the document in November, and in January, the Ad Hoc Committee, led by cardinal-elect Joseph Bernardin, met with European bishops and Vatican officials to discuss the document.

Among critics of the bishops' statement, intended for the general public as well as Catholic clergy and laity, were two dozen Catholic congressmen. The congressmen, in a letter to then-Archbishop Bernardin, expressed the opinion that the real threat to be dealt with is ideology, not weapons, and criticized the letter for not differentiating between the "intent" of U.S. and Soviet weapons. The Reagan administration was disappointed that the pastoral letter made no mention of the administration's efforts to achieve negotiated arms reductions with the U.S.S.R. The President's favorite newspaper, *Human Events*, accused the bishops of seeking to force the U.S. to disarm unilaterally and suggested that the publication of the second draft was timed for the November elections. The November 6 issue of the national conservative weekly expressed the fear that the letter would be used to create

This peace quilt from Chile is one of many featured at Chicago's Peace Museum that depict issues of peace and justice with scenes of daily life.

civil resistance among armed forces personnel. The U.S. Catholic Conference denied the charge that the letter was timed to precede the election.

People/Organizations/Events

An international group of religious leaders, including Moslems, Copts, Orthodox, Protestants, and Catholics, issued a statement in Vienna declaring that "there is no cause that would morally justify" nuclear warfare, and calling for "verifiable disarmament agreements". The Vienna group had endorsed a similar statement drafted last year by an international group of scientists. It is hoped the statement will raise people's consciousness about nuclear war.

In East Germany, Roman Catholic bishops have, for the first time, taken a stand publicly opposing the increasing militarism of their nation's Communist government.

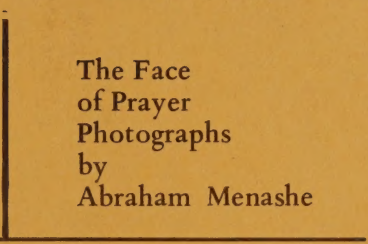
The Minnesota Rabbinical Association has called for the immediate reduction and eventual abandonment of nuclear arms, calling it morally evil. They are calling upon Jews to "stand up and shout, to organize and pressure, to write letters and demonstrate against the proliferation of nuclear arms."

The National Council of Churches is considering, at the time of this writing, responding to the Catholic bishops' letter. They are also planning an intensified program of joint actions in peacemaking and other issues with churches in the Soviet Union. In their first official step in carrying out the theme of pursuing peace with justice for three years, the NCC working with other religious and secular groups, is sponsoring National Week for Pursuing Peace with Justice. This week, to be held May 23-29, will focus on local and regional education and activity. For information: Office of International Affairs, DCS-NCCUSA, 475 Riverside Drive, NY 10015.

A conference on biblical peacemaking entitled, "The Church and Peacemaking in the Nuclear Age" will be held in Pasadena, California, May 25-28. For information: CPNA, 1539 E. Howard, Pasadena, CA 91104.

The following is a partial list of groups working for peace:
Fellowship of Reconciliation 523 North Broadway, Nyack, NY 10960
Peace Links — Women Against Nuclear War 723½ 8th St. SE. Wash. DC 10036
The Nuclear Network 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW #1126, Wash. DC 10036
The Children's Peace Network same address as The Nuclear Network
Consortium of Peace Research, Education, and Development Center for Peaceful Change, Stopher Hall, Kent State University, Kent, OH 44242
World Conference on Religion and Peace 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017
World Peacemakers 2025 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Wash. DC 20036
Pax Dei Box 444, Damascus, MD 20872
Pax Christi USA 6337 W. Cornelia, Chicago, IL 60634
Sojourner Peace Ministry P.O. Box 29272, Wash. DC 20017
World Peace Movement P.O. Box 2, Ojai, CA 93023

GET A FREE COPY of this book of extraordinary photographs by Abraham Menashe — winner of Fellowship in Prayer's Carl Allison Evans Award. To get your free copy of this new $25 hardback book, **SUBSCRIBE, RENEW, OR SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.**



Please send me my free copy of THE FACE OF PRAYER in return for which I am ☐ subscribing for a year ($12), ☐ renewing my own subscription for another year, or ☐ sending a subscription as a gift to:

Name _____

Address _____

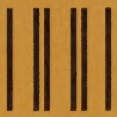
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 175 PRINCETON, NJ

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

20 Nassau Street Suite 250 East
Princeton, NJ 08540

A PRAYER DURING ILLNESS

"And thy healing shall spring forth speedily" Jeremiah 58

O, Lord, Creator and Ruler of the World: I turn to you in my hour of need. Alone, in the silence of my room, I ask for strength. You have made me: You alone know how frail I am.

But You have also placed the wondrous power of healing within me. In You and in Your will do I put my trust and my hope.

Grant a full measure of guidance and wisdom to my doctors and nurses and to all who attend to my needs. Help me to be appreciative of the kindness and help that I receive.

I thank You, too, for the loving concern and attentions of my dear ones, and I pray that You will lighten their burden for my sake and renew their strength.

May I find comfort in Jeremiah's words: "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed. Save me, and I shall be saved: For Thou art my praise." Amen.

EASTER DAY

by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Words cannot utter
  Christ His returning:
Mankind, keep jubilee,
  Strip off your mourning,
Crown you with garlands,
  Set your lamps burning.

Speech is left speechless;
  Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
  Set your bells ringing:
Christ the Chief Reaper
  Comes, His sheaf bringing.

Earth wakes her song-birds,
  Puts on her flowers
Leads out her lambkins,
  Builds up her bowers:
This is man's spousal day,
  Christ's day and ours.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Franklin Office Park
134 Franklin Corner Road
Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648

Non-Profit
Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Hopewell, N.J.
Permit No. 22

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED